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The Commonweal

April 1, 1949

Another War?

John Cogley

Travel Prospects

Diana Forbes-Robertson

Ernestine Evans

The Labor Movement

John C. Cort

VOLUME XLIX 15c NUMBER 25

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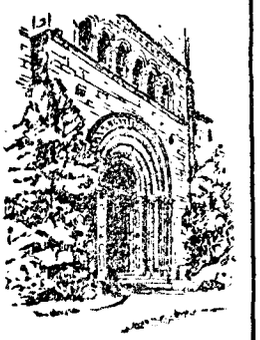

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The
COMMONWEAL

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Annual Wage and Overtime

SCHEDULED to go before the House in Washington within the next few days are certain new wage-and-hour provisions for the proposed Fair Labor Standards Act. As things now stand, employers who guarantee their men year-round, full-time employment do not pay time-and-a-half for overtime in longer work weeks (when the production load is at its peak) providing the sum total of hours worked the whole year does not exceed 2,080 (52 weeks averaging 40 hours each). But if before the end of the year the 2,080 hours have been used up by an individual worker and he continues to work at what there is still for him to do, the employer must pay him overtime for every day in said year on which he worked more than 8 hours and every week in which he exceeded 40 hours. The refinement offered in the new bill permits a company to pay overtime only on the hours in excess of 2,080, with the limitation that anything over 2,240 hours for the year would bring in all the retroactive overtime listed above. To balance this, no single day without overtime can be longer than 10 hours (now 12), no week beyond 50 hours (now 56).

Such changes would indeed provide more incentive all round for the inclusion of guaranteed annual wages in collective bargaining contracts. They would make greater provision for the seasonal variations true of so many industries. They should be solidly supported.

Meanwhile greater attention might be paid generally to annual wage plans, happily an increasingly prominent feature of the American industrial landscape. Such concerns as Hormel of Austin, Minn., have amply demonstrated over a period of years that even in so highly a seasonal operation as meat packing it is possible to plot out employment for the year as a whole in such a way as to provide steady employment. Moreover, Hormel has shown that this is good business; while the results for the community of Austin of the workers' being able to plan ahead—and therefore to marry, raise children and secure their own homes—have been spectacular.

We are entering now a period where security for the longer pull is a primary labor objective. In weighing social benefits and other balancing devices should not greater attention be focused on annual wage plans? Should not the government itself look into them further? Many Americans still hold that the taxing power should be utilized only for fiscal purposes, but if there is any area where the possibility of certain business exemptions could be allowed, it surely should be for providing steady employment. Periodically the virtues of annual wage plans in specific companies have been aired in business journals, but many executives appear to need still further inducements.

North Atlantic Treaty

ONE ASSUMPTION underlying the writing of international treaties is that the signatory powers have something to repel, or to achieve, in common. The North Atlantic Treaty meets this standard on both counts: first, it seeks collective security for the Atlantic states against aggression and, secondly, it promotes "stability and well-being in the North Atlantic area."

Collective security, as the Western powers think of it, is essentially passive in the sense that we do not seek or preach a preventive war: the collective security of this Treaty is the Western reforming of lines after the consistent Gromyko-Vishinsky "no's" in the UN, after Russian refusal to agree to international control of atomic energy, and after Russian aggression in, for one place, Czechoslovakia. Non-cooperation is now countered with collective security.

As such, this Treaty is responsive—an answer to a challenge. It is anti-communist. But the Treaty is not simply a passive measure; for the

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foundations of this Treaty are the Marshall Plan and European Federation, both of which are positive, constructive efforts to rebuild the face and the economy of Europe. Our intentions are not only military: the thinking behind the Marshall Plan and United Europe is that a politically and economically stable Europe is the best insurance against aggression. To complement economic recovery, the North Atlantic Treaty will now supply the military and psychological security necessary to back up Marshall Plan-United European stability. The Treaty is, therefore, one component of a constructive policy pursuing peace through concomitant economic and military strength. The Atlantic powers have given up the philosophy of appeasement and isolation, and in doing so, they have begun to take the initiative away from the opposition.

Such an initiative draws its strength from many sources: military security, economic solvency, political vitality. But for the Atlantic powers, this struggle, this cold war, is, before all else, an ideological opposition, and it is over the issue of ideological and spiritual values that we fight a cold, rather than a hot, war. The basic and binding common interest of the North Atlantic powers is their mutual interest in political democracy, in religious tolerance, in the philosophy and practices of freedom. If we are now to hold the initiative already taken, it is here, where our common interests are, in the self-preservation and perfection of our free institutions, that we will draw our permanent strength and unity.

Traveling versus Staying

IN A FLUID AGE, it is important, and necessary, to emphasize the flow. The twentieth is the "traffic century," with communication, transport and travel developed to a position of control over persons, property, culture and society. In this country particularly, the "characteristic" travel has come to be by car, on roads; and increasingly, the characteristic shipment, also, is getting to be by truck, on roads. The "key man," as graduates of all the Army schools know, is the driver of the internal combustion machine.

There ought to be a double effort: to cut down the urge and necessity for traffic, and to make the traffic that is, several dozen times less unattractive than it is. Highway departments and public planners and business men seem to be incapable of working toward, or even hoping for, a lessening of the general fluidity of our lives, and because of that, they waste much sweating effort aimed at making the process of getting from one place to another more efficient and more pleasant. Spectacularly, in order to speed up the flow of vehicles, they sacrifice the places through which the vehicles are flowing, so that nobody would want to stay in those places but must themselves start flowing along at high speed. This keeps traffic securely over the maximum of tolerance, while ruining ever-increasing sections of both town and country. The greatest "triumphs" in elegant traffic lanes, like the Outer Drive of Chicago and all the waterside parkways in New York, have the effect of cutting off the population from enjoyment of their local waterfronts, spoiling the possibilities for neighborhood developments which would capitalize the pleasantest parts of town, and binding pedestrians with deadly concrete deserts and moving walls of gaseous cars. No wonder that Chicagoans, New Yorkers and other city people rush out of town whenever possible, taking with them deep into the country the blight of excessive traffic.

Out into the country, with a shallow, World's Fair quality inspiration, they create toll roads and parkways . . . at best. The toll road idea was effectively demolished in this country early in the nineteenth century; and again, despite the seductive speed along the Pennsylvania Turnpike, highway and traffic analysts have rather conclusively shown that toll roads do not deserve rebirth. There is likewise an increasing force of argument against parkways.

There are so many arguments against parkways reaching from cities way into the country that we are convinced, and have been encouraged to notice that the English Government has given evidence of turning down the parkway idea. There, in work toward town and country planning and upon their national road scheme, decision is urgent. The English magazine, *Country Life,* notes from its characteristically special and refreshing angle, symptoms that decision has been going against what we might know as parkways. "The issue can be described as that between the conception of the road as part of the adjoining landscape, and therefore needing to be woven into it by the use of traditional as distinct from exotic material, and the view that roads afford an opportunity for introducing the public to the mass effect of flowering trees and shrubs which they might not otherwise meet." *Country Life* evidently approves of conceiving the road as part of landscape, as they indicate the Government is doing. It seems unarguably correct: and the "landscape" must be conceived in the widest, richest terms. Sooner or later it really should include people, and at length, even people at rest.

The Absent Are Always Wrong

HALF THE EFFECT of the Marshall Plan is lost because it is not properly publicized, Anne O'Hare McCormick has told us, and has warned that the moral effect of the Atlantic Pact—the military complement of ERP—may be corroded by the atmosphere of "suspicion, suspense, and inner turmoil" in which the people of Europe live. The Brussels Conference, which is

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marshalling on its political level, has had an indifferent press and on the cultural level, there is the Voice of America, the English-Speaking Union, France-USA, which meets once a month in Paris, and nothing else—or mighty little. Except the *Readers Digest*, the Sears Roebuck *Catalogue* and *Life, Time,* etc. Exceptions—but.

Russia has her armies of propagandists: one Soviet citizen = one Soviet salesman. Yet we, who seem to have more to sell than anyone ever had before—peace, plenty, prosperity, the power of the smallest of faggots as against the biggest of single sticks—we are become reticent, shy, positively Anglo-Saxon in the embarrassment the goodness of our wares causes us. "Good wine needs no bush," we blush; the Bill of Rights, the Freedom train, I-am-an-American-Day, are all for home consumption only; if mentioned, whispered overseas it is rank bad form, mere jingoism, Mr. Hoffman.

You're a business man, and don't forget it for a moment, please! As for culture creeping in—heaven forefend! If the foolish French read nothing but Steinbeck and Faulkner, if Italians would love oleos of Doris Lee and Grant Wood and Marin to pin up beside their Correggio and the Della Robbia reproductions — more idiot they. The British have fallen; their British Council is a huge, a flagrant, yes, even a commercial success. But let us be very, very careful not to undeceive the unfortunate recipients of ERP, the millions who read in slanted newspapers of Atlantic Pact and Brussels Conference. For they will see, hear, and receive floods of American Tourists this summer, who will bring dollars: they can learn all about the USA from them. Mrs. McCormick has warned that every European today is an island; but, of course, every American is a continent; the epitome of all we have and are. Our businessmen, our officials, our tourists, God bless them, are enough: about as much enough as Edith Cavell found patriotism to be.

There is much goodwill towards us, lying around the world in lumps: lumps as potentially dangerous as dynamite; more dangerous far than the ill-will and the suspicion. For evil can be fought, on its own level, or on that of good. But ignorance, and stupidity, and inanity defeat even the gods, who, faced by them, are powerless. And, above all, the verdict will go against us, *in absentia*. How can Europeans judge of the way of life that thought up the Marshall Plan, the way of thought that produced the Atlantic Pact, the way of wish that dreamed up the Four Freedoms, if day in, day out, Soviet salesmen peddle their lies, and our drummers are mute and muffled? Europe today sees the USA as a very bright candle indeed, unexplainably struggling to creep under a bushel; or, more unexplainably still, as the greatest Power in the world, that has no Presence.

Jubilee Fund Progress

THE COMMONWEAL is happy to report that the opening days of its twenty-fifth anniversary campaign have brought 398—nearly 20 percent—of the 2,000 Silver Jubilee units required to continue publication. This is a promising, encouraging start.

It should stimulate many more readers and supporters of the magazine to send contributions now, when a donation of one or more $25 Silver Jubilee units will sustain the momentum of this excellent beginning. For the future of THE COMMONWEAL depends on the progress of the anniversary campaign during the next few weeks.

H.A.R.'s "Timely Tracts"

THE CURRENT ISSUE of *Orate Fratres,* the highly attractive and persuasive monthly edited by the Benedictine monks of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota, "devoted to the liturgical apostolate," marks the completion of ten years of its column, "Timely Tracts," written by H.A.R. (H. A. Reinhold). It should be no surprise to the readers of our own pages that these vigorous and informed discussions of Father Reinhold's have treated energetically and discerningly a wide range of related subjects. His contagious enthusiasms as well as his unflinching criticisms of the American and world-wide Catholic scene have always had as their object the development of Christianity in its fullness — an historic and present treasure in which he would have all share. Here is a characteristic comment:

> "The liturgy, our daily bread, is a mosaic of precious gems lifted out of the Holy Book of the Jews and, in the whole world, there is nothing closer to Judaism than our liturgy. We are Judaism come to fulfilment. It is hard to believe that even in our liturgical movement there are some anti-Semites who use the jargon of the professional Jew-baiter, just as it is hard to believe reports from the East coast that Catholics indulge in the nonsense of thinking up ridiculous conspiracies made up of Zionism, Wall Street, the Third International, Hollywood and Radio corporations to scare the world with. It is just as fantastic as the assumption of some of my Jewish acquaintances that the Jesuits and the Vatican run the French government and are arming Franco and Peron to help the Egyptians in the Negeb Desert.

We look forward to many more years of H.A.R.'s "timely" and spirited column.

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Another War?

In Europe they feel it is not a proper topic of conversation

John Cogley

PRACTICALLY nobody in Europe today, at the bottom of his heart, believes in World War III. This is understandable. For one thing, there is the stubborn refusal of the human mind to accept what it does not want to believe: the doctrine of hell has always been a greater stumbling block for heretics than the promise of heaven. Again, to live in conscious awareness of how close mankind is to destroying itself, would be like rejecting whatever life is left.

In other wars a man could think of dying for his country, his family, or for future generations. With the means of total destruction apparently available, the next time it may have to be for naked transcendentals. Justice, honor, truth will remain when it's all over. But what will happen to the beloved soil, to wife and children? Who indeed can count on future generations (not to mention apple pie, Coca-Cola and the right to boo the Brooklyn Dodgers?)

If the European were to carry thoughts like this around with him—and to many they are all there in the phrase "World War III"—he would be reduced to a hopeless feeling of what-the-hell; there would be nothing left to do but wait for the Bomb. If he wants to keep plugging away at life, the European *has* to reject these ideas. So he refuses to believe in his heart that World War III is possible. It may be that American war talk is more justified than European calm. But, in another sense, the "realistic" talk itself may betray a more basic unrealism. If Americans could realize what another war will mean as vividly as Europeans do, they, too, might be driven to thinking with their hearts. They, too, might reject the possibility.

Europeans still live close to war. On the trolley going to work in the morning and again coming home in the evening, on a trip to the grocery store or the theater, on the crack trains speeding them across the continent, wherever they move, Europeans see bombed buildings, the skeletal ruins of the last peace that was lost. The graveyards of civilization are everywhere. A whole generation which knows nothing else is growing up in them. Europeans live on a continent still teeming with homeless and hopeless children and with half-forgotten Displaced Persons. True, reconstruction everywhere in the West is going ahead at a miraculous pace, but people still live amid many of the worst concomitants of war: profound poverty, easy vice, the black market, the crippled and maimed, the widows and orphans. In America things are different.

There, the last discharge pins disappeared into dresser drawers two or three years ago, the neighborhood victory shrines have long been neglected and left unpainted, the worst cases among battle-casualties live in quiet isolation at VA hospitals, and the dead are generally forgotten. The last war did, of course, reach into almost every American home; but in terms of stark human tragedy, into comparatively few. Even the combat soldiers came back to peace, like a traveler returning to a snug room kept untouched and unchanged while he was away. European soldiers did not just go off to war; the war also came to them.

★

TO AMERICA and to Europe, war necessarily has meant different things. That is the way things were, and are. Americans can't be blamed for not being able to grasp the meaning of another war, or, if they once dimly could, for now forgetting. Even the Swiss, who stood helpless at the water's edge and watched French homes burning on the other side of Lake Geneva, talk more like Americans than like other Europeans when the subject of World War III comes up.

Totalitarianism, too, is something far-off and indistinct for most Americans. Its evil is more often a matter of conviction and of oratory than of first hand experience. But in Europe totalitarianism has not disappeared. Its dread meaning has been newly incarnated in a fresh generation of political refugees and escapees some of whom almost every European meets personally or hears about, not as political abstractions but as men and women. Everywhere in Western Europe there are rumors of new-style concentration camps and of improved torture methods. The very silence behind the Iron Curtain is thunderingly eloquent.

A *cause célèbre* like the Mindszenty case is enough to strike real terror into the heart of a European if he thinks about it long enough. The Cardinal's trial dramatized the unimagined terrors, the new unknowns that might yet reach out

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and touch anyone. ("It seems," so François Mauriac addressed the Budapest judges in the columns of *Figaro*, "that you have discovered the secret of those insects which sustain themselves on living victims, paralyzing them and giving them the appearance of life.") World War III may mean all this to the American, but it is a meaning bookish and academic when he thinks of another war in concrete, personal terms. The American is more likely to be thinking of cigarette shortages, over-crowded trains and nylon queues than of concentration camps, secret drugs and radium sores.

In the meantime, as a Frenchman told me, one can only go on living. Living now means rebuilding what has been destroyed. Every new structure that goes up, every old church or public building restored is a living symbol: life *can* go on, there *can* be a future, this generation like all others *can* depend on continuity. The more sharply lines are drawn between East and West, the more tense relations between Russia and the US grow, the tougher sounding the statements coming from Washington and Moscow, the more progress is made in rebuilding Western Europe.

A few months ago I passed through the town that sits like a spittoon at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. An old Italian told me then that the little village had been built, destroyed and rebuilt nine times.

"But why don't you give up?" I asked. "Why don't you go someplace else? If you can't get the mountain to move, why not move away from the mountain?"

The Italian shrugged his shoulders. "Every time that devil erupts," he said, "the people think of nothing else but re-building. It's our way of saying this. . . ." And he made a vulgar gesture toward Vesuvius. Then he asked bitterly, "How else can a man talk to a mountain? You know some other way . . .?"

Combat soldiers speak of the sudden increase of rape incidents among doomed troops — the mysterious drive that is not so much lust as an act of defiance. Perhaps a similar explanation can account for the fact that as annihilation seems more imminent, constructive energy in Europe grows more intense. In any case, there is very little war talk here. When the subject comes up, the European is likely to shake his head sadly and change the topic. I have met very few who were willing to talk at all about World War III.

★

IN FLORENCE we stayed at a small side-street hotel just off the Piazza della Signoria. One noontime when we came back to the hotel after a morning of sightseeing, we found the little street jammed with workingmen. Nothing was happening yet, but there was a low hum of patient expectancy among them, the familiar preliminary sound of a routine union-meeting or army formation. Some of the men were silent, drinking wine from hip-flasks and chewing away at oversized sandwiches. Others were clustered into conversation groups. It was the feast of Epiphany. I noticed that most of them were greeting each other with hearty *"Buona festa's."* The only woman in the street was a young Franciscan nun. She moved through the crowd with a begging-basket, murmuring some soft appeal that seemed always to get lost on the air. When the nun came up to a group of men, almost every one of them reached into his pocket and pulled out a few dirty lire for her. It might have been an outdoor ACTU meeting.

One of the clerks behind the desk in the hotel, a smiling, studious looking young man, spoke good English. I asked him about the meeting: "What goes on outside? Who are they?"

"Oh, they're our Florentine Communists," he said. "They have a meeting here every Thursday."

"But there's a nun out there, and they're all giving her money."

"Why not? They're all Catholics. She knows that."

I suppose I sounded pretty dumb.

"There are two kinds of Communists here," the young man said, "those against the Church and those who are just against capitalism. Of course, some are against both. But these men out there aren't leaders. They aren't so much against the Church as against . . ."

"The United States?"

"Well, yes. But not *only* the United States, you understand. There are other capitalist countries."

"How long can they go on this way?"

"I don't know. It's a question I ask myself. I suppose the time is coming when we—when *they* will have to pick a side. Then they will have to be for the Church or against it. It's something like you were during the war. You were against Fascism, so in a way you had to be for Communism—for Russia, that is. It is confusing, isn't it? But in the meantime why not give the sister a few lire? She does good. Besides, who knows, there may not even be another war."

★

I WAS TELLING a French student about the Catholic Worker movement in America. Naturally the question of Christian pacifism came up. "But you can't escape violence," the student said. "The last time one *had* to make a choice in responsibility for the violence turned on the Jews and the others, or for the violence heaped on the evil-doers. Gandhi was honest. He said that if they turned on India he would let a million In-

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dians die for the principle. Almost the same words Hitler used. No matter what, you have blood on your hands. It's like trying to be dainty in an operating-room. Can't be done. If it isn't the blood of the guilty it will be the blood of the innocent. You can't *choose* martyrdom; it's a gift. There will be martyrs, but they will be like Mindszenty, fighting martyrs."

A few days later he brought me an English translation of a few paragraphs from *Ricera,* an Italian Catholic student magazine. "Here," he said, "this is how I feel."

The translation read: "We do not want war either of nations or of individuals. But, if they touch our altars or the Pope or our priests, we will accept the challenge. The new times have matured in us a new decision; henceforward no one will chase us into the catacombs; we will die in the streets."

★

AT THE UNIVERSITY there is a special French institute for foreign students. In our class there are only four students: two Americans, a Chinese girl, and a young German who has a good record, at least by Occupation standards. The teacher is a gentle, soft-voiced Swiss spinster.

We were reading a little story about a French hero of 1760, Captain D'Assas. One night D'Assas wandered alone into the forest and came upon a company of German soldiers about to surprise-attack the French. Though a German gun was stuck up against his ribs, the captain shouted out a warning to his comrades. He died, of course, but the French regiment was saved. "Now," Mademoiselle said, "I'd like each of you to tell a similar anecdote in French about your own country; some *acte d'héroïsme* everybody in your country knows.

The other American told about Colin Kelly. The Chinese girl told about a mother who lost five sons in the war against Japan and then let her youngest, a ten-year-old, serve as a look-out scout. He, too, was killed. The mother became a symbol of Chinese resistance to all in the village. The girl was deeply moved by the telling. Before she finished, her voice broke and she was near tears.

Then it was my turn. I stumbled through the story of the four chaplains who went down with their ship. The German was visibly embarrassed. He remained silent when his turn came. "I'm sorry," he told Mademoiselle, "but I can't tell a story today. Maybe tomorrow."

Mademoiselle sensed his discomfort. She didn't press the matter.

After the class the German said, "I acted like a fool, didn't I? But what could I say? Maybe after the next one, there will be a few acts of heroism a German won't have to be ashamed of."

IN ROME, the American Catholic Club operated by the National Catholic Community Service is now open to all English-speaking foreigners, military and civilian alike. I was leaving there one day on the heels of a friendly group which had stopped in for a snack at the club's American-style coffee shop. There were two young British women and an unattached middle-aged man, who spoke English with an accent. He might have learned the language in any of the Balkan countries.

A company of fifty or so clerical students were coming down the street, on their way toward St. Peter's. They were all young-looking. The wide-brimmed Roman hats and long cassocks were too awesome for some of them. The ecclesiastical dignity of their costumes only accented their own callowness, making it ridiculous when it might have been refreshing. American college togs would have been much more fitting. The seminarians had the kind of unset faces you see on any Stateside campus. They paraded by like so many junior bishops, but their decorum looked forced and unnatural. You had the feeling that if a signal were given, it would easily dissolve into raucous horseplay. All of us leaving the club building stood back to let them pass. When the last of them was out of earshot, one of the English women said, "My, but they looked young didn't they? Just boys really."

The man with the accent lifted his right arm dramatically in salute toward the seminarians. He said something, not in English.

"What's that?" the other woman asked. "Italian?"

"No," the man said, "it's Latin. *Salvete flores martyrum!* It's the way Saint Philip Neri used to greet the English students in Rome during the Reformation. . . . You should know that—it's in Newman's sermon on the Second Spring."

"Martyrs!" the woman said. "Why? What country are they from?"

"What difference does it make?" the man with the accent answered.

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THE TRAIN was a Paris-Budapest express, and it was almost empty. Three of us had a whole car to ourselves. I had been reading *The New Yorker.* One of the other passengers, a man in his late forties, asked me, in English with barely a trace of accent, if he might look at the magazine. As he paged through it he said quietly, "This is the most effective type of Communist propaganda in Europe."

"Pardon me," I said, "I did give you *The New Yorker,* didn't I?"

"Oh, it's not this particular magazine. In fact, I have never seen this one on the newsstands. But American magazines in general, and American

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movies. . . . Look, for instance, at this." He showed me a Tiffany ad which listed things like lipstick cases ($145) and library scissors ($58). "See what I mean? Your magazines and movies create the desire for things that only Communism promises to give. American capitalist propaganda in Europe just softens people up for Communist propaganda.

"You once sold scrap-iron to Japan, didn't you?" he asked when he returned the magazine. "In a manner of speaking, this is scrap-iron, too. Very useful."

I was getting off at Berne. "Goodbye now," the stranger said. He was going all the way to Budapest.

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ON CERTAIN STREETS in Paris, the male foreigner is wise to look neither to the right nor to the left but only to gaze piously ahead. The slightest turn of the head is interpreted as interest by the ambitious young women. On these streets their profession has been stripped of all pretense, sham, coyness and double-talk. Propositions are bald and abrupt. One evening a girl followed a few steps behind me, calling out in French. She was as stubbornly insistent as any Fuller Brush man, but experience had taught me that discretion is the better part of valor in a case like this. If I said anything at all, she would interpret it as wavering. I didn't turn around.

After a time she dropped her native French and spoke in German. Still no response. Then she switched to English. "Look at me," she said, "at least look at me."

When she finally gave up, she returned to angry French.

"What a business!" she said. "And you have to be a linguist, too! Now to have to start learning Russian at my age! What times!"

The Labor Movement

Lewis on the Loose

JOHN L. LEWIS is loose again. Taking exception to the appointment of Dr. James Boyd by President Truman to serve as director of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, on March 14 Lewis called out all miners east of the Mississippi on a two-week combination protest and "memorial" to the 1,015 miners killed and the 50,000 injured during 1948.

Those on strike include 400,000 soft-coal and 75,000 anthracite miners. In addition, 67,000 railroad workers have been laid off on coal-carrying lines. There are 70,000,000 tons of coal above ground, enough for 45 days, and the price of coal, all set to drop, will probably be kept high as the result of this action.

Is the strike justified? Since it answers practically none of the conditions of a just strike, it is safe to say "no." Not that Lewis, under his contract, doesn't have a legal right to pull it. The contract says that the miners shall work only as long as they are "willing and able."

What is the reason for this action? One explanation that comes too easily to mind is that John L.'s hunger for headlines, always ravenous, could not stand another day of the famine that afflicts him between coal crises, now that he has once again ostracized himself from the AFL and CIO and wanders lonely and alone through the outskirts of the labor world.

What about Dr. Boyd? Lewis has denounced him as "an incompetent, unqualified person" who cannot be trusted with the power to decide whether miners "should live or continue to die in the mines."

Dr. Boyd is the former dean of the Colorado School of Mines. If the two-week stoppage was designed to block confirmation of his appointment by the Senate, it failed sensationally in that objective. The Senate's Interior Committee, chairmaned by the liberal and independent-minded Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming, voted 10 to 1 to confirm Dr. Boyd, with only Senator Millikin, Republican of Colorado, opposing. Dr. Boyd says that Lewis doesn't like him mainly because he wasn't consulted when the appointment was made. Could be. Boyd's supporters point out that mine safety has improved in the 16 months since he took office. Don't ask us why his confirmation has been held up for 16 months.

Another explanation is that Lewis wants to cut down the stockpiles of coal, which have been built up to tremendous heights mainly because of John L. Lewis and his recurring threats to the nation's coal supply. If Lewis can thin out the reserves, then he is in a much better position to talk tough when the current contract expires on June 30. This is probably the most compelling reason.

Still another is that Lewis is taking sensational measures to focus attention on the inexcusably high death and accident rate for coal miners. But if so, he has picked a bad time for it. Most students of the mine safety disgrace agree that the trouble has stemmed from the fact that the federal safety inspectors, who are much more strict than the state same, do not have the power to enforce the federal code. This power has remained in the states. Now, as the result of the Centralia mine disaster of several years back, together with the slight change in the complexion of Congress last November, chances are good for the passage of a bill introduced by Senator Neely which will give teeth to the federal code. (Federal inspectors, who now have only advisory powers, cannot enforce their findings.)

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It therefore follows that if Lewis were really interested in safety for the miners, he would pull his memorial stoppage at a time when this bill was coming up for consideration either by committee or on the floor of the House or Senate. At such a time, and considering the

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gravity of the miners' provocation, the sheer loss of life and limb involved, it would be pretty hard to say that some such sensational measure was not justified.

As it is, Lewis has pulled his stunt at just the moment when repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act is under consideration. Labor leaders have been muttering privately, and some publicly, that it will now be that much tougher to get rid of the 80-day injunction for strikes affecting the national welfare. But then the public welfare was never a consideration that caused John L. to lose much sleep. If it was good for John L., and if, in John L.'s opinion, it was good for the miners, it was good, period. It is pretty late in life for Brother Lewis to learn new ethics.

The Cemetery Strike III

A FRIENDLY CRITIC has pointed out that one of the weaknesses of the account of the late cemetery strike which has run in these pages was the failure to cover the question: after negotiations failed, did the men exhaust the possibility of mediation before they went on strike? This point is well taken.

What happened was this: when the meeting of January 10 indicated that further negotiation was fruitless, the union on that day called Joseph O'Grady, head of Mayor O'Dwyer's division of labor relations, and asked him to mediate. O'Grady's office called Godfrey P. Schmidt, attorney for the cemetery management, on January 11, but Mr. Schmidt was out. The latter has said that he called O'Grady's office and that O'Grady and his assistant were out. Altogether the union called O'Grady's office four times on January 10, 11 and 12, the last time a few minutes before the union meeting that voted to go on strike the following morning, January 13. At that time O'Grady's office said that they had not heard from Mr. Schmidt.

From this account it is not clear whether O'Grady's office, before the strike started, made an adequate attempt to get in touch with management, or vice versa. What does seem clear is that the men believed that mediation was of no avail. Both Joseph Manning, union president, and John Sheehan, union attorney, urged the men to delay strike action. But there was no holding them.

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The strike was settled, that is the main thing, and it was an honorable settlement, for which thank God. In deference to Cardinal Spellman's wishes, the men voted to change affiliation to the Building Service Employees, the AFL union with jurisdiction over cemetery workers. All the strikers were returned to work, wages were increased by $4.95 a week, over 8%, and an impartial committee will be set up to study the 40-hour week demand and make recommendations. Both parties—including Manning and Sheehan for the union—have expressed the hope that a new and better relationship will prevail at Calvary and Gate of Heaven. All friends of labor and the Church must join in that hope.

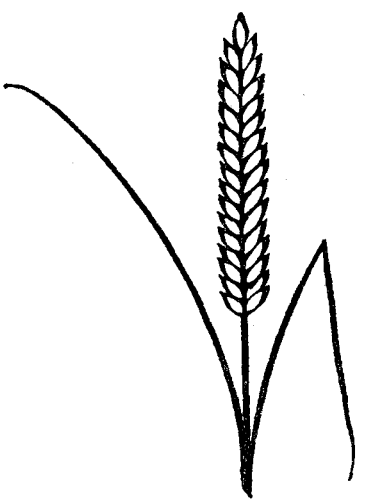
JOHN C. CORT.

Symbols of Christ

The Grain of Wheat

"The hour has come now for the Son of Man to be glorified. Amen, Amen, I say unto you: unless the grain of wheat fall unto the ground and die, it remains alone. But if it die, it brings forth much fruit. He who loves his life, will lose it, and he who hates his life in this world, will keep it unto life everlasting. If anyone is to be my servant, he must follow me; and where I am there also shall my servant be. If anyone serves me, my Father will honor him" (*John* 12:24-6).

"What thou thyself sowest is not brought to life unless it dies: and what thou sowest is not the full body that is one day to be. It is only grain. . . . But God gives it a body according to His will, to each grain the body that belongs to it" (I *Cor.* 15:36,7).



THE whole story of our redemption is reflected in the life of the grain of wheat, which is sown in a furrow and buried in the earth. Dying in darkness, it sends its roots into the ground to secure a solid footing. Out of the depths it rises high into the air, bearing fruit a hundred-fold. At harvest time it is cut and brought to the threshing-floor. There the good wheat is separated from the chaff, and stored in barns until it is brought to the mill and ground into flour. Thus the grain dies, only to live again; it is destroyed only to become useful.

The single grain sown in the ground is the Word of God sent by the Divine Sower to the earth to become man, to die and to be buried. This Divine Seed spreads its roots deep into the earth when it descends into hell. After three days it rises, not alone, but with many brethren.

The ears of wheat are the faithful, born through the Death of Christ. They remain within the protective hull

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of the Church until the harvest day of Judgment, when the wheat and the chaff, the good and the bad, are separated, the latter to be burned in hell, and the former to be stored in the barns of heaven. But until this last harvest and separation the faithful will share the fate of their Master; they will be cast into the furrows of the earth which will hate and destroy them. If they love life and use it for selfish ends they will lose it in eternal life; if they hate it, and prefer to lose it rather than the grace of Christ, they will keep it unto life eternal, and their blood will become the seed of the Church. The grain dying only to live, and disintegrating only to become useful, is symbolic of that Divine selfless love which, in the Head and in the members of Christ's Body, dies that the dead may live. DAMASUS WINZEN.

The Stage & Screen

City of Kings

FOR A NUMBER of excellent reasons, crowded audiences are now viewing the Blackfriars' current production and have been doing so for a solid month. Father Urban Nagle's play is an honest job of chronicle writing and his subject is entirely interesting. In a sequence of seven scenes the author is unfolding the story of Blessed Martin de Porres of Lima, Peru, whose cause for canonization is scheduled for 1950.

In a note appended to the program, Father Urban seems to concede that the "unyielding facts" of the life of this humble Dominican of the 17th century may "hamper theatricality in the production," but I do not imagine any member of his growing public would agree with him. And certainly a number of his actors, as directed by Dennis Gurney, do an impressive amount toward rearing the piece into an authentic theatricality. As the story runs, we meet Blessed Martin first as a small Negro boy, son of a Peruvian mother and a Spanish father. We then follow him through his first struggles to become a doctor of medicine; we learn of his determination to join the Dominican order as a tertiary; and from this point to the day of his death, we are made witness to his good works.

As is usual with chronicle pieces, one finds it is certain scenes which stick in the memory. I thought the incident of Martin and the mouse, for instance, wholly delightful—as a matter of fact, I thoroughly enjoyed all the convent episodes—and while I felt the final scene somewhat over-prolonged, the impressive singing, plus the ritual and responses taking place in the death-cell, seemed to me beautifully and appropriately handled. A word on the acting end must stress Elwood Smith's sensitive and moving portrayal of this first American Negro, who wished to relate his science only to God. Martin could indeed only be played *quietly* and that is generally a job for the most skilled and experienced of actors. Mr. Smith accomplishes it. The unpretentiousness of the production exactly matches, I should say, the author's intention: to present his hero "to people who need him as a friend." In fact, it is perhaps the unpretentiousness of the Blackfriars' whole scheme which has enabled them to succeed as the only working experimental theater in this city: a steady source of actors, designers, technical workers. Theirs is a history this column is proud to note, just as it is grateful to note the present production. (*At the Blackfriars' Guild.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

Novel Into Film

MANY IS THE MOVIE that is based on a novel; and many is the complaint from movie-goers when the film does not closely follow the story. But the important thing is not so much the movie's sticking to the plot details of the original as it is faithfulness to the spirit of the author's work, as well as the movie's being good in itself.

"Portrait of Jennie" succeeds admirably in capturing the high quality and poetic spirit of Robert Nathan's book. Scriptwriters Paul Osborn and Peter Berneis have made changes in the story (particularly in building up the role of Miss Spinney, excellently played by Ethel Barrymore, and by adding a few characters), but the main point is that this extraordinary movie has caught well the meaning and beauty of the Nathan tale. Actually this picture provides a unique experience: you feel what it is saying and you are moved by the strange beauty of the whole without analyzing the details of each episode. Various departments are equally responsible for this excursion into the emotions: Nathan's story, William Dieterle's fine direction (which succeeds in making the New York locale as important as the characters), the lovely score based on themes from Claude Debussy, and the very good cast which David O. Selznick has chosen for his production. Joseph Cotten and Jennifer Jones are first rate in the roles of the artist, who is at first cold and discouraged, and the girl who becomes his inspiration. Whether Jennie is a real person or the product of the artist's searching mind does not matter. She comes to him as a child who grows into womanhood during the short span of a few months; she inspires his love and his art; and he paints the picture that hangs in the Metropolitan Museum. It would be unfair of me to reveal any more details (if you don't already know them) of this absorbing story. The production is outstanding throughout: the supporting cast, which includes Lillian Gish, David Wayne and Cecil Kellaway, and the good photography are in keeping with the themes of this delightful fantasy as it visualizes that truth is beauty and beauty is truth.

Since John Steinbeck wrote the script himself for the movie version of his story, *"The Red Pony,"* we have to presume it is what he had in mind in the first place. So we won't quibble about faithfulness to the original in this case. As directed by Lewis Milestone, the film moves so slowly that I found my self nodding at times. I was sorry about this because "The Red Pony" has a stirring story that should appeal to both youngsters and grown-ups. The former can see it as a picture of a boy (Peter Miles) who is overly attached to his pony and who loses his faith in the infallibility of men when the pony dies. The boy's later growth to emotional matur-

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ity is fascinatingly told. But for grown-ups, the growth of the adults in the film is even more fascinating. Seldom do movies portray family relationships as they really are. In this film, the boy's problems may be the real issue, but his need for affection, his father's insecurity in the family group and the resolution of unhappy atmosphere in the home are the points that will interest adult audiences. Robert Mitchum is excellent as the hired man, who feels responsible for the boy's sour attitude toward life. Also interesting are Shepperd Strudwick as the boy's father and Louis Calhern as the grandfather whose endless stories irritate the son-in-law. At the time of seeing the picture, I thought Myrna Loy entirely inadequate as the boy's mother, but on reconsideration her cool, aloof, clean portrayal seems right. What this whole family needs is a woman who knows and can teach love. Most of this family's troubles stem from this woman's failure—as well, of course, as from each member's lack of understanding of himself and his fellowmen.

There's no lack of love in *"Little Women"* which fairly oozes with sentiment in this new version. The blame for this rests not only with the sticky Technicolor or with the cast whose shallow sweetness rather cloys, but also with the adaptation of the Louisa May Alcott story. A recent rereading of this novel brought to my attention that it is mainly a series of fictionally illustrated sermons; however its characterizations have enough truth to life to survive—and will probably continue to survive. While I thought the cast who portray these famous characters much too glossy, perhaps this cast is right for our times. These pretty girls (June Allyson, Elizabeth Taylor, Janet Leigh, Margaret O'Brien) are today's counterpart of the March sisters; and Peter Lawford, who has won his spurs with the bobby-soxers, might very well be the modern girl's idea of Laurie. The fault is not with our stars but with us. In any case you'll find that you'll still shed a tear over this sad-sweet story. Those who have never seen "Little Women" should certainly see it. Even those who remember the last version, made so successfully with Katharine Hepburn, will enjoy dropping a few tears—not so much over Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy, as over their own lost youth.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Travel

In England

Diana Forbes-Robertson

THE DAY-BY-DAY and week-by-week necessity to deal with and observe English life, which is required of the person who lives in England, brings a feeling of optimism, and pleasure in difficulties overcome. But for the person arriving from the outside, who cannot look back and say "last year we didn't have this or that," or "were unable to do this or that," austerity rules supreme. A Danish working woman, just arrived in England, is shocked at the shortage of eggs, while her English employer comes back from the grocer elated because he has given her eggs by the dozen (two of the dozen for three people for a week), instead of two, or one, or none.

This austerity can be felt in all departments of life, although everywhere there is improvement. Clothes cannot be bought lavishly due to the money shortage, although clothing coupons are no longer needed. Transportation is also excessively expensive, but even if you have not got the money to take a taxi it is good to see that coasting taxis, seeking fares, are once more around. The buildings look dirty, and the shops give no exciting displays, but there is painting and reconstruction going on, and there are more things to be bought.

But above and beyond the material side of austerity there is also the fact that it exists too in the intellectual life of England. For many women, the physical time and energy taken in doing their marketing, standing in queues, cleaning their own houses, does not give them time to read. People have not had the leisure to think and create, and in the artistic and intellectual fields there is not, as yet, anything very new.

The field of entertainment has picked up first and best. Music and the theatre are ahead of any of the other arts. Year by year, since the blackout days when the theatres and concert halls suffered their worst eclipse, it has been possible for the designers of scenery and costumes, for the owners of theatres, for the directors and choreographers and concert masters, to draw more and more on better materials and gradually to return to prewar standards of luxury in representation.

With these physical difficulties mostly overcome after the destruction of the bombings, the theatres and concert halls of London in particular have been in frantic activity; the little theatre groups, mostly formed during the war out of London because of enforced decentralization, are by degrees bringing their best works to the West End,

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and all over the country the old repertory companies and many news ones are going full blast.

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IN THE SUMMER season the festivals of music and drama, many of which came into existence for the first time last year, are expanding, and during the summer of 1949 England will be ringing from one end to the other. Anyone ready to spend a lot of time on trains could have first-class artistic performances steadily from April to September, from Bath in the South, to Edinburgh in the North, from Cheltenham and Malvern in the West to Aldeburgh in the East.

Perhaps the Aldeburgh Festival, because it has at its heart the original—and English—talent of Benjamin Brittain, is the one that has most personality. It takes place in the old East Anglian fishing town that seems to echo with the gaunt harmonies of "Peter Grimes," and could come straight off the canvases of any of the most authentically English landscape artists. The Shaw festival at Malvern is also one that has its special character because it is always certain of having something piquant and Shavian—last year the permits to restore the theatre were not granted, and the season was held in Harrogate, but Mr. Shaw withheld his new play, wanting it to be born in Malvern, and encouraged everybody by announcing that at the age of ninety-two he had plenty of time to wait to see his new play performed. This year there is to be a marionette play by Mr. Shaw, which records, apparently, "the hitherto unreported meeting between Shakespeare and Shaw."

There will be no evening dresses trailing through the gardens of Glyndbourne this year, because the theatre will be used exclusively for rehearsals for the Edinburgh festival, now entering its third year, with a program of international artists in which only the English are not too heavily represented. The ballet will be French, the visiting theatre company will be German with Gustav Gründgens playing Goethe's *Faust;* there are the Berlin Philharmonic, the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, the Prague trio, the Orchestre du Conservatoire de Paris, among others. There is, of course, the Glyndbourne opera company, performing *Ballo in Maschera* and *Cosi Fan' Tutte,* but the Old Vic Company will not be there. The two new plays are both by Americans—at least one is of American origin—*The Cocktail Party* by T. S. Eliot and *Coast of Illyria,* by Dorothy Parker.

In fact, looking round the theatres and festivals and observing that the Canterbury festival is giving an old play of Dorothy Sayers' called *Zeal of Thy House,* that Edinburgh's native drama is the old Scottish satire *The Three Estates* (a hilarious affair performed beneath the frowning statue of John Knox), that Stratford-on-Avon is of course devoted exclusively to Shakespeare, and that the two best current plays in London are by Henry James and Ibsen, one notices that only at the Bath Assembly is there a new play by a young Englishman, a life of Sheridan called *School for Rivals* by Ginsbury. This points up the fact that so far, outside the field of entertainment, as yet, English intellectual life has not fully recovered.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE who should have been producing the books and plays and poetry were doing war service and then grappling with austerity for the last ten years. So far no new movement in thought or art has appeared. The avant-garde group, centered on Cyril Connolly and his magazine *Horizon,* is inclined to worship at the feet of France, but it has not succeeded in getting the English to adopt existentialism. There is, however, something related to existentialism in the attitude of cynicism which shows in many of the young. A professor, now in his middle forties, observed that his students have no hobby-horse that they ride with passion. They are even embarrassed when he gives an account of his own burning excitement over the Spanish Civil War, and they seem to show a guardedness against believing strongly in anything.

It is significant that a concentration on T. S. Eliot exists, which is rare in the life-time of an artist. No one newer seems to have come to take his place, and such writers as Auden and Aldous Huxley are nine-day-wonders when they flit briefly into England, but are no more indigenous to England than any other passing visitor from California. Even the release of paper from rationing was not followed by a great flood of new works hitherto dammed up by the want of paper to print them on. Many people have been inclined to give the paper shortage as an alibi for no important new writing.

It is in other, humbler ways that the vitality of England can still be found, harder for the visitor to see in a quick glance. There is constant activity of a civic kind in many of the boroughs of London, in which small groups, many of them drawn together in the first place by fire-watching during the war, work for the improvement of their local surroundings. Enfield, for instance, an outlying London borough lacking a town hall, has acquired a surplus Romney hut (the outsize Nisson hut, big enough to house a regiment), and uses it for town meetings and entertainments. Last year the sculpture exhibition in Battersea Park was so successful that it was used in the casual, intimate way that parks are used on the continent—students lie on the grass doing home-work at the feet of Henry Moore's three mighty figures, and children paddle in the fountain created by Dobson.

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It is shocking to some how completely proletarian London now looks. The people of England have elected their working government and in every bye-election they go on electing it. The small man is definitely in power, and this means that temporarily anyway the elegances of life are muted. The delicate amateur of the arts is no longer in the economic position to study and brouse and appreciate. No one can say that England is comfortable, but there is a breath which comes out of the greyness and austerity which suggests life. It has not as yet produced great poetry; it is not gifted to bring beauty into its housing schemes; it has not succeeded in producing a strong spirit of service nor very good manners; but perhaps the most important expression of the English spirit at the moment is to be seen in the exquisite pink health of England's children.

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Reflections on Travel

ERNESTINE EVANS

"WHEN A MAN is in his office," Samuel Butler used to say, "he should be exact and precise, but his holiday is his garden, and too much precision here is a mistake." He wrote a long time ago before the great tunnel was built through the Alps, and there were no hotel rates in the ancient sanctuaries. There, gratefully from each according to his means, "gifts" could be left for shelter and bread and wine.

In our year of Grace, 1949, "the first normal international travel year in the post-war era," according to the hefty Travel Supplement to the *New York Times,* precision is obligatory to get from hither to yon across oceans and frontiers, into hotels, and onto buses, even. It takes planning in this season of mass migrations to get aboard a lugger, complete with passports, visas and shots for a galaxy of diseases. The pre-war days of international valuta were bad enough; pounds, francs, gulden and rubles taxed the arithmetic of college graduates; uneasy shifts and black market possibilities, today, have landed old tourist hands in bankruptcy, and in jails. World government has made more converts among tourists, homesick for the decimal system in currency, than among any other class wishing to be uplifted into one navigable world.

Last year, Americans spent $625,000,000 abroad, not counting ship and plane fares, and this year, especially in the Marshall plan countries, the talk among hotel men and shop keepers, bankers and government officials is of a billion dollars in good cash to set all sorts of wheels turning again. Tourism is big business, and its advertising expense takes the form of government subsidies everywhere to revive the old festivals, and support new cultural entertainment and sports events. Coupons for food, and coupons for gas, not available for their own nationals, are arranged advantageously for visitors. Cabanas are being multiplied, umbrellas set out on the bathing beaches, welcomes real and well-rehearsed are fashioned; hotels are being painted. There is rejoicing abroad over the new American customs ruling that $400 worth of purchased goods, not a paltry $100, can be fetched back duty-free. National tourist bureaus, aware that even Americans like to get their money's worth, have denounced mulct prices, and, competing with each other for the visiting locusts, have pressed for remission of visa charges or even the trouble of getting them at all.

The Travel Advisory Council of the Economic Cooperation Administration, intent on bringing customers to Europe to buy on the spot, since the removal of barbed wire trade barriers has been such a halting job, have set good minds on the search for ships with low-priced berths. Not nearly enough brains and imagination have yet gone into bringing down prices by simplifying steamer equipment. A great many people have lost their appetites for the lush over-loaded menus and showiness of transatlantic liners. The cafeteria has not been introduced as it could be. (We seem to have kept the bad things about army mass transport techniques and not tried to move our regiments of peace and trade with new efficiency). Nor has the United States, which in due time will really want a good name for service on its boats, if only because of competitive needs, undertaken to persuade its crews and stewards to think in terms of national pride and courtesy as well as wages and tips. Travel is by no means genial enough, in the impersonal atmosphere of cold war, and argument. Nor has any steamship company, with an eye to bringing off a public relations stunt, or disembarking more informed travellers, thought of giving fellowships to students trained in running book stalls, and expert in selection of souvenirs, as part of steamer service.

A few Americans, under five thousand among the rich and poor trippers (poor by European hopes and expectations), will travel with automobiles; but thousands more will carry other machines to help them enjoy the change from their native land. It will be horrible, of course, if too many thousands disembark with their portable radios and never turn them off, regardless of thin partitions. But, since what America could use (as redress to its mass consumption of what the biggest give to the mostest on the air), are a few knowledgeable critics of radio, some good could come of students and others returning aware of how the BBC has built a "Third Program," experimental, varied, suited to the ultra-literate minority and hospitable to fresh talents. There is a special pleasure in England to be got from merely listening to the sound of English voices, some better, some worse than ours, and to memorable sounds, Big Ben and real nightingales. A portable radio in France or Italy beats Berlitz as teacher, free and varied, of other people's languages.

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"OF COURSE I am taking my camera," a young man said to me the other day. "How do you think I have been able to take a second trip so soon? Last year I had slides made from my candid camera shots. I lectured thirty-seven times with them, and sold some prints to my local newspaper, and used the ones of Europe rebuilding as Christmas cards. Made enough money to buy my ticket this year. Besides I'm making an album for the children I shall doubtless have when I settle down."

"Traveling makes men wiser, but less happy," Thomas Jefferson wrote to one Peter Carr. "When men of sober age travel, they gather knowledge which they may apply usefully for their country; but they are subject ever after to recollections mixed with regret; their affections are weakened by being extended over more objects; and they learn new habits which cannot be gratified when they return home."

"I wonder," said the young man with the camera, to whom I had quoted this. "It all depends on what it is that makes a fellow happy. Now I get a certain kick out of discontent. I dislike smug people. I try not to be one of those travellers who comes home and brags about having seen things the others haven't and lays down the

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law about politics. But all the same, I know I come home with an advantage. When people say that such and such can't be done, I like to remember that it can. Principle of physics, it can. Maybe, I say to myself, something's wrong with the USA that it turns its old houses into funeral homes and garages instead of into more museums and little parks. I get tired of people who think they have to stay at the best hotels at home and loved finding my rich aunt holed up in a little Left Bank place, having the time of her life eating croissants and chicory coffee for breakfast at a cheap cafe and feeling wonderful. I guess you'd have had to hear her bawl out her Sadie for not wearing a fresh apron and not making waffles on wash day to laugh as I did. I gave her a dozen croissants for Christmas, and saved my money for my next trip. And was she pleased! Travel sure loosened up my aunt. She gave me this camera," he grinned. "And that about affections, it isn't true. Nor about new habits. I never took it easy with colored folks at home. I made some very good friends last year because I lived with a French family in Toulouse where half the visitors were Negroes from Martinique. It was like losing blinders. I'm all for learning new habits abroad and bringing them home. They learned things from me, too. Said they did."

★

EUROPEANS will be welcoming Americans, first and foremost, because we are supposed to be a hoard with dollars. A lot of travellers will be just quarter and dime folks, buying nothing but experience. But those most of all may get more than their money's worth from international travel. The fear of austerity is an American fear. ("What we learned from you Americans during the war," said a dour Scotsman, "was how to waste.") I hope we will study British austerity. That they are all but meatless is altogether because they simply cannot import in a world where the dollar is king; or even if they are bent to a long view and cherish a dream of being boss of the field again, it does not matter. For an American, everything in Britain is worth study, but most of all the curious warmth and willingness of a whole nation to pool its resources that *all its children* shall be fed as they have never been fed before; and to socialize its medicine so that its old people are cared for, and its working population be aware that health is wealth, and that a stitch in time saves time.

Most of the travellers abroad will be middle class people, and they will have their hearts rent by white collar friends who are, by and large, not so well off as before; but we are in the midst of a great change, when the proof of every pudding is what it can do for "the masses." I dislike the word "masses." "A whole people" is a kindlier phrase, more as if a whole were made up of individuals with indiviual psyches and stomachs and private dreams as well as public duties.

Travel to Europe is, however, no more than a footnote to the U.S. travel story. There will be journeys to Chile, South Sea Islands, and hundreds of other places in the Western Hemisphere and the Pacific; even over the polely air to Japan. Mexico and Canada will have more travellers than Europe; and a thousand times more travelling will take place on our own continent.

★

THOSE WHO remain at home this summer, home being a vast continent with as many different climates as Europe, as many rivers and ocean shores, and woods, and roads and thirty million motor cars, may not see either so many great monuments of architecture, or so many modern solutions of the housing problem, nor so many ruins of both; will not learn about the humble bicycle as a tremendous and delightful means of locomotion, will not find old Roman roads; may not even discover that legs are made to walk with and that walkers are always discoverers in embryo. Europeans still walk more than we do. "Thanks to my dear feet," a young friend wrote me last summer, "I have doubled the worth of my trip. It began because the taxis were so scarce in Paris. I have seen things I used to whiz by. And because my feet hurt, unaccustomed to tramping, I have discovered all sorts of people in cafes and libraries where I stopped to rest. So now I am taking my feet to the country just to see what the peasants are planting. I am coming to love the roads and trees and paths along the river, and feel as if I had finally got to know how people live in Europe. We hurry too much on vacations."

Travel here can be almost, not quite, as full of strange and foreign places, as our millions speed back and forth across a federated continent in the old and new family car. If the eyes of the beholder are attentive, city people will discover the country, and of all countries ours needs most to be discovered, for so slipshod is most history teaching in our schools, that what went on between 1849 and 1949 is news to most of us. We are romantic about ourselves, not knowledgable. So used are we to think in terms of cash and credit and production and, above all, so used to being talkative, and when talking, so prone to repeat what the day's headlines are, that we have misused our memories, and abandoned meditation as a means to inner convictions, stanch against advertising and propagandas. How noisy most American feeding places are; how anxious most hosts are to have the customers eat and run; how hard it is to get good bread and cheese, instead of a burger, or a dog that's hot.

Yet what a surprising country it is and how many things a two or three or four weeks' holiday can yield. The children will collect shells, and press summer wild flowers, and get brown at tennis and climbing hills and lolling on beaches, all round the lonely rim of the Atlantic and Pacific, the Caribbean and the gulf, and along the dunes of the Great Lakes, and the piney shores and marshland of little ones, and even of made-to-order lakes like Lake of the Ozarks, Aspen, Colorado, an old ghost mining town captured by a capitalist and made into a ski resort, which will stage a Goethe festival and has hailed scholars like Ortega y Gasset and Albert Schweitzer, and turned the place into a port of pilgrimage.

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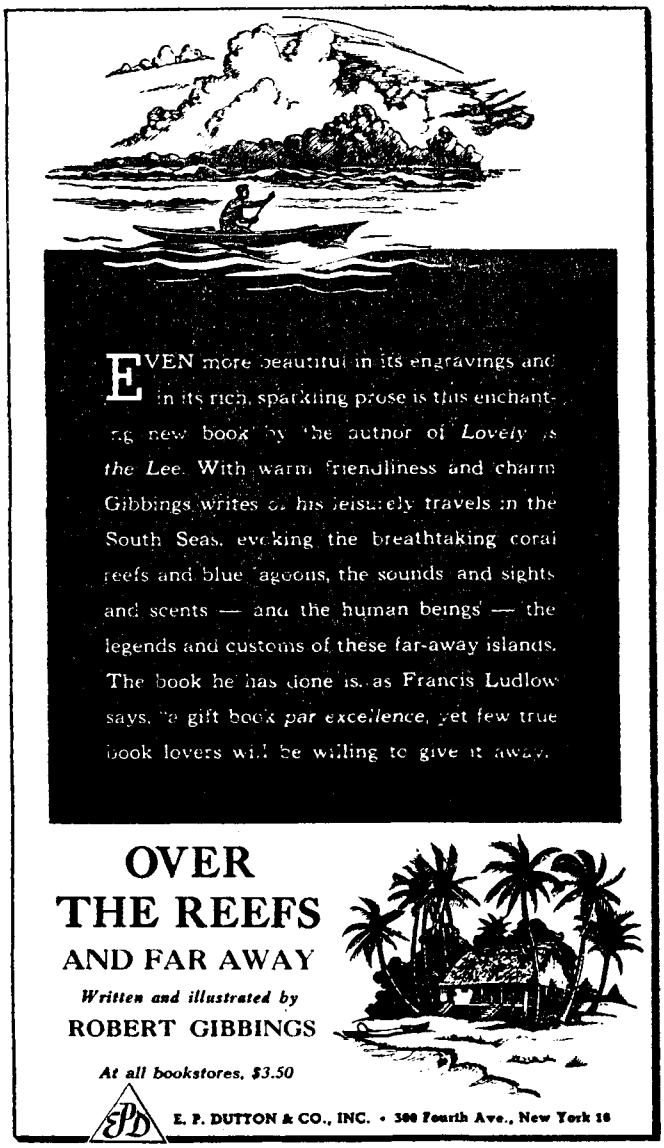
EVEN more beautiful in its engravings and in its rich, sparkling prose is this enchanting new book by the author of Lovely is the Lee. With warm friendliness and charm Gibbings writes of his leisurely travels in the South Seas, evoking the breathtaking coral reefs and blue lagoons, the sounds and sights and scents — and the human beings — the legends and customs of these far-away islands. The book he has done is, as Francis Ludlow says, "a gift book par excellence, yet few true book lovers will be willing to give it away.
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of writing; painters a thousand summer schools of painting. Circuses will enchant; summer theaters and outdoor movies will dot the landscape. It will occur to many as it has always occurred to some that neither the eight-hour day nor the forty-eight-hour week are so much to be dreamed about or practiced as the six months year, and that some such Utopia lies just ahead—if only we knew how to swap World War III and its atomic possibilities, for letting atomic energy do some of the work of clearing away old wreckage and building a new East-West civilization.

Books

Over the Reefs and Far Away. Robert Gibbings. Dutton. $3.50.

ROBERT GIBBINGS is one of the most perfect travellers of our time, and his tenth book, a return to the South Sea Islands, is extraordinary proof of the increase in liveliness there is, where men love Nature and their fellows and move in time and space, unbitten by the ambition to conquer. From Gibbings, the artist who has come back to his own islands, to England and to Ireland, with a chest of notes and his engraving tools' exquisite product, all has been manifolded, nothing has been wrecked or looted, and in the memory of the hospitable islanders, he must be celebrated as man and myth.

As traveller, he knows the secret of pace. Nothing is hurried, schedules are not binding pieces of paper to rule over him, though he, too, since he travels between islands, in the mid-Twentieth Century, carries a watch, and keeps track of boats and planes. Eyes and ears and good manners attend him—eyes for color and form and the constant change in wind and weather. He understands Captain Cambridge puffing on his pipe and musing: "Once we've had that change of moon and the northerly's come in, I'm off. I don't like it ashore. . . . Sea and sky is what I want, just sea and sky. It's never monotonous. It's always changing and the shadows on the clouds are changing and the shadows of the clouds on the water are changing. . . . It's never the same for two minutes. And at sunset and at dawn the long rays of light fanning out from west to east and from east to west, over our heads, and meeting the opposite horizon, all curved like the lines of longitude. That's when I am well—when I can't see as much sand as would stop a watch."

What a good listener Gibbings is, and this book, almost more even than his others, is full of stories from Fiji and Tonga and Samoa, Raratonga and Tahiti and dozens more that he sets down with the rhythm of oral relation, the music of native words, the slovenly speech of beach-combers, the spirited accent of traders and seamen, and always his own voice sounds in the reader's ear. He knows how to describe color, and the black and white of his engravings evoke color. He has recorded fish and tools and shore lines and huts and old stones, water and wind, ships and men, and the beautiful countenances of island women. With words and with line, he shares what he has seen. "To seaward children were splashing in the shallows. In the deeper water of the lagoon men were fishing from canoes. In clear spring wash-pools, close beside the road, women, bare to the waist, were pounding clothes. We saw men carrying baskets of coco-

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nuts and bunches of bananas on poles women carrying bundles of sugar-cane leaves on their shoulders; and small naked children carrying smaller naked children on their backs. . . . There were horses tethered under the palm-trees, there were pigs untethered on the road. At almost every mile a village, at almost every half mile a church; churches like barns, churches like pagodas, churches baroque, churches rococo, all built of cement and tin-vast tabernacles of incongruity." His eyes move like a camera over the animated scene. "It is well understood," said Lauvi, "that health of mind is most important, especially for Europeans who have this special skill of travelling from one country to another."

Robert Gibbings has health of mind, and to read him is to have a holiday and a reassurance. So many recorders of the world today settle like flies on offal and warn us that never again shall we get away from it all. Gibbings, more like bee or some skillful worker among the butterflies, settles on fair scenes, yet with clear eyes and whether with wry humor, admitting what is distasteful, or making a point of passing on old myths that, by his listening, regain their symbolic colors, seems to put halcyon weather in the report again. He writes without romantic sentiment. His search has not been for Utopian, so much as for everyday things, seen with Beauty in the eye of the Beholder. ERNESTINE EVANS.

Edinburgh. G. Scott-Moncrieff. Batsford. $3.75.
The Face of Ireland. Michael Boyd. Batsford. $3.75.
English Rivers. John Rodgers. Batsford. $5.50.

THE NEWS comes from Hamburg that Baedeker will again provide guides, at least for Central Europe. No other single deed of the WPA program has done more to make Americans alive to the sights and history, the people and places of the USA that the publication of the WPA *Guides,* and the side volumes dealing with folk lore and minority groups. True, many publishers now specialize in picture books, and volume by volume our treasures of architecture and landscape, our history in terms of industry and constant rooting and uprooting of transcontinental migrants, and fresh comers from all over the world is being recorded. But no single publisher has done for the USA what the century-old firm of Batsford has done for the British Isles. It is still possible for the old firm to produce and dispose of editions of 25,000-100,000 devoted sometimes to a single county, to a detail of church art, to a record of ancient customs. They are read at home, and abroad, and these three volumes are a joy to behold, illustrated both with photographs, black and white and in color, and with reproductions of notable painters. Maps, too, to be taken out and studied.

I could wish no better for my own country than that, with or without subsidy, for school children and tourists, first in books as good as these, and then in little cheaps, as Penguins do in England, some great blooming of topographical literature made us find ourselves and know ourselves and our past, and the beauty of our land. We have our River Series, a Harbor series, a Lake Series, and more and more regional anthologies, and perhaps it is wrong to give the palm to Batsford. The whole world, now that Tourism for All is a slogan of the era, is busy recapturing everywhere its bearings, denoting its frontiers, counting its many blessings and allures.

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W. L. Leitch, is invaluable for study beforehand by those who mean to join in this summer's music, film, and theater fest or for contemplation anywhere.

Mr. Floyd's text on The Face of Ireland sticks pretty much to roads and landscape. The paintings by J. Humbert Craig and Paul Henry, reproduced, make one wish for some by Jack Yeats and others, too, but there is poetry in every photograph.

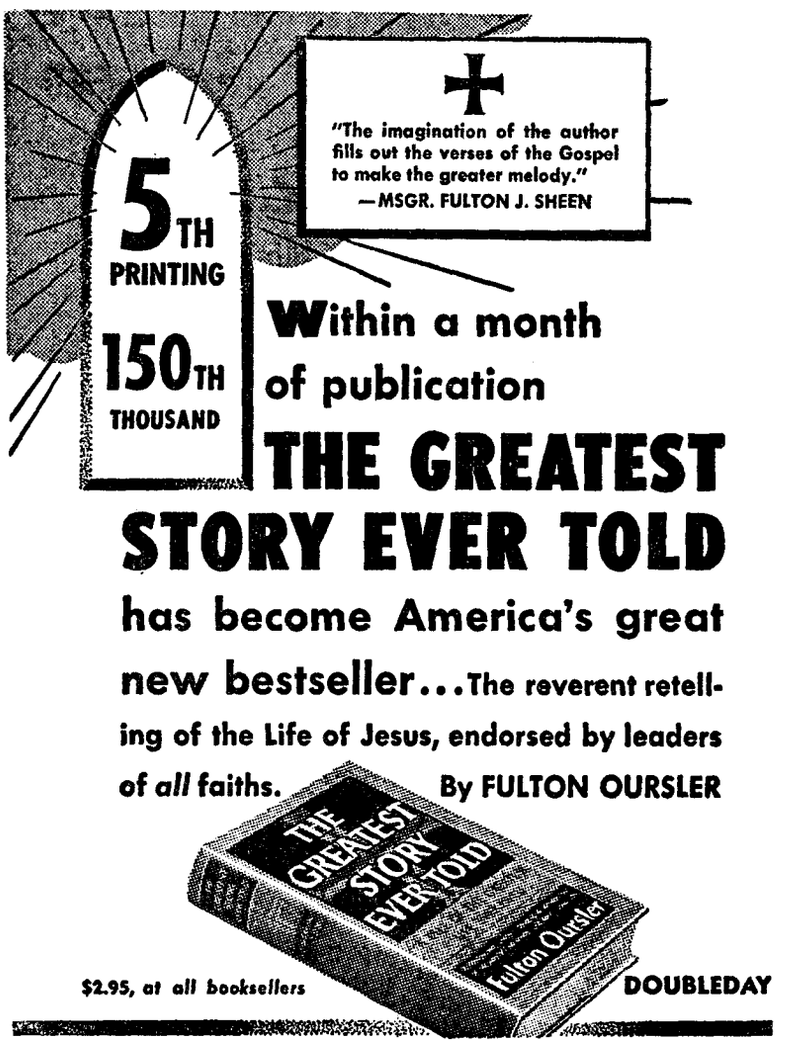
No other country has such a number and variety of rivers as England, certainly no other of its size. "Within a few miles of each other, for instance," says Mr. Rodgers, are the sources of four rivers flowing into three different seas; the Warwickshire Avon, which joins the Severn at Tewkesbury and eventually reaches the Bristol Channel; a tributary of the Nene, the Ise, which rises in the same field as the Avon and flows to the Wash; the Welland, which also flows eastward to the Wash, and the Cherwell, which runs south to the Thames." The colored reproductions, from paintings by Constable and Canaletto, John Sill Cotman and John Nash, and the over 150 reproductions of old prints and photographs, touching bridges and buildings and gardens and markets and boats, and the text, closely packed, with everything from geology to history and anecdote make it an ideal book to speed a parting voyager; or to make a voyage on a summer night, even on a slum fire-escape.

E. B.

The Heat of the Day. Elizabeth Bowen. Knopf. $3.00.

MISS BOWEN has, everyone will agree, a wonderfully light hand for the pastry. Her prose is like millefeuilles, paper-thin flake upon flake, adding up to a gossamer-wafered perfection, solid and satisfying in every succulent detail. Her *The Death of the Heart* was an exquisite portrayal of love's first awakening; her short stories are crusty without, juicy within, and now, in *The Heat of the Day* she juxtaposes three adult human beings and three problems—love, loyalty, and instinct, in her distinguished, but sometimes almost unbearably discursive, way.

Stella Rodney, fortyish, whose widowhood had ironically made her divorce almost immediately unnecessary, was "generous and spirited, to a fault not unfeeling; she was not wholly admirable, but who is?" Into her life, emptied by her son's absence in the army, came Robert Kelway, younger by some six years than Stella. Both Stella and Robert were, she imagined, in similar types of "secret, exacting, not unimportant work, to which the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European position since 1940 gave ever-increasing point." Harrison, a sort of stylized private detective, of whose humanity, despite a reassuringly lower middle-class wish to have a place of his own, it is difficult to be convinced, came into both Stella's and Robert's lives. He is saturnine, mephistophelian, monadic; he is built up much more carefully than Robert, and has a tremendous head-start on our interest, since the whole first chapter serves to identify him.

Harrison, waiting in the Regents Park until it is eight p.m. of the September Sunday evening when he plans to tell Stella that Robert is giving information to the enemy, listens to the music and evades Louie Lewis, a Kent girl whose husband is at war, and who has a mouth incontinent and artless. Harrison tells Stella: and in a flawless scene suggests she give up Robert, noiselessly, and take him as her lover. Stella and Harrison had met at Cousin Francis Morris's funeral; Cousin Francis had come over from Ireland, on the plea of a visit to his institutionalized wife, to try and get a job out of Harrison. At the funeral, Stella learns his place in Ireland, Mount Morris, has been left her son; since Roderick is a minor, Stella must cope. She had been only once to Mount Morris, for her honeymoon; her war-wounded husband, shortly after her son's birth, went back to the nurse he had only and always loved, and in those kindly arms he died. The world had censured Stella, and she had not defended herself by defaming the dead. Now that she loved Robert, in an entire, hermetic intimacy, Harrison was asking her to believe the living self-defamed. The tension of the first scene is terrific: nothing else in the book quite comes up to it, combining as it does, the moral, the macabre, and the deserts of vast eternity.

In all she writes, Elizabeth Bowen is heliotropic: she uses light, not form, or shape, or soul or substance, as her frame of reference. Light is her total reality and, like certain plant-lice forced to direct their movements towards the source of light, her will is in the light alone, just as the force of gravity determines the movement of falling star or tumbling apple. Light is the hero of *The Heat of the Day,* from the light so low, so theatrical and yellow, that it was evident it would soon be gone, of the concert evening, to the light in Stella's flat she turns off when Robert leaps or falls from her roof, and the day, when the sun was succeeded by a white quiet light, the day of days, D-Day, with which the book so perfectly closes.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

Andrea Palladio. James Reynolds. Creative Age. $10.

ANDREA PALLADIO was born in Vicenza in 1518; perhaps visited Rome between 1528 and 1530; transferred to Venice in 1554; died in 1580. James Reynolds is able to add little more than stray anecdotes and impressionistic background to these sparse facts of Palladio's biography. To him, as to most of us, Palladio represents an architectural style rather than a person—a style based upon the antique Roman (especially, Vitruvius) but with more flair than the Roman. His most distinguished American disciple was Thomas Jefferson. The rotunda Jefferson designed for the University of Virginia is probably the most directly Palladian of Jefferson's conception; his most ingratiating is his own superbly-sited home, Monticello, which after his return from Europe he redesigned in the Palladian manner, reducing, however, Palladio's grandiose scale without sacri-

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ficing Palladian elegance and dynamic balance. After Jefferson, Southern planters made free use of Palladio's imposing porticoes, high ceilings, columned galleries—combining these, as had been done in England, with Georgian elements.

Like Palladio's villas along the Brenta canal near Venice, these American homes have sweep, grace, elegance, and very often more than a hint of ostentation. But nearly all are eminently livable: the room height, the tall windows, the spaciousness, the shade afforded by the porticoes (which, here, are actually "porches" to be used as well as admired) are perfectly suited to the local climate.

As much cannot be said for most of the Palladian houses which blossomed throughout the British Isles during the 17th and 18th centuries. The best known—and most monstrous—of these (shown in part as background to the favored suitor of Princess Margaret in a recent issue of *Life*) is Blenheim Palace, designed by Sir John Vanbrugh. Its first mistress's complaint of "unholy draughts" and an atmosphere of "stone cliffs" was insufficient to stem the tide of private palaces designed not so much for habitation as for proclaiming the prestige of their owners.

James Reynolds is impatient with such complaints. What he finds "most important to live with" are "sweeping scale, great elegance, unbridled comfort," and the last of these, one gathers, is the least. He is also enamoured of superlatives and of baroque anecdotes, a few of which concern Palladio himself, but most of which concern the arrogant inhabitants of Palladian houses. He has embellished his extraordinarily handsome books with dashing sketches of Palladian houses, detail, and principles of massing. Photographs are few and floor plans virtually absent. Private "residences," especially country seats, are favored over public buildings (such as the superb San Giorgio Maggiore in Venice).

Mr. Reynolds, ranging widely throughout Europe and America, unearthing little-known, often crumbling examples, has succeeded well in arousing an enthusiasm for Palladio's and his followers' special flair. But one wants to know more about the actual layout and operation of the buildings: their exact look, inside and out. This is a teasing introduction to Palladio and Palladian architecture rather than a serious study of them.

DAVID BURNHAM.

Yugoslavia. Edited by Robert J. Kerner. University of California Press. $6.50.

THE BACKGROUND of the Yugoslavs is probably more complex than that of any nation in Europe—as Professor Kerner of the University of California points out in his preface to this ninth volume in the *United Nations Series.* Originally, a Yugoslav, Dr. Nicholas Mirkivich, was to have been the editor of this volume, but volunteering in the struggle for the liberation of his fatherland this patriot was killed by a Nazi airplane on May 2, 1944. Thus the American editor of the series, a Balkan expert of Czech descent, took over with the honest intention of producing an objective study. This, of course, is very hard in the face of so controversial a subject and the political changes which took place while the book was in preparation. According to this reviewer, several chapters of the book give too much credit to Tito and fail to do justice to Mikailovich. Especially Chapter XX, written by Wayne S. Vucinich of Stanford

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University, contains statements which, in my opinion, are not those of an objective observer.

The Yugoslavs entered the Balkan Peninsula in the sixth and seventh centuries. Though divided into several tribes, two churches and two alphabets, they were one nation who in modern times desired political unity as did the Germans and the Italians. As the Yugoslavs lived for centuries under German, Italian, Magyar and Turkish overlords who ruled them according to the principle "divide et impera," the unification of areas very different in cultural standards was hard work indeed. But when both the Hapsburg Monarchy and the Ottoman Empire collapsed at the end of the First World War, the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes—later renamed Yugoslavia—turned from Utopia to reality.

The early sections of this study supply some well documented material on the "prehistory" of this state. Later chapters deal with the Yugoslav state, with the nation's foreign economic relations, with religion, education, agriculture and the foreign policy of the new state. Two excellent chapters by G. R. Noyes give information about the Serbo-Croatian language and its rich literature. The most useful feature of the book seems to me the chronology, done with admirable care and precision by Professor Harry N. Howard of Miami University, Ohio. This section of the book is in itself a guide through Yugoslav history. Statistics, the text of the Constitution of 1946, a selected biography and a careful index are added. The choice of illustrations, however, is rather arbitrary and too scanty for an introduction to the beauty of the country and its rich national folklore.

Few readers will be able to follow the chapters of this book without personal sympathy for this brave nation and the extreme sufferings she has had to endure. The present conditions are certainly not the final phase of Yugoslavia's development. That country where East meets West will play an eminent role in the struggle between the two worlds and in the bridging of their antagonism.

MAX FISCHER.

Cathedrals and How They Were Built. D. H. S. Cranage. Cambridge University. $2.50.

A SLIM, HANDSOME volume all concerned with "the structural principles on which cathedral architecture is founded." The little book is so well illustrated by diagrams and photos that it makes easy reading; as a matter of fact, the illustrations are the thing that make this book worthwhile. Since it seems to address itself to the clergy, amateurs and beginners, it is obviously meant for a large public. I would say: a large British public. This is "evidenced" by an attitude which makes only polite nods toward other styles, but a profound prostration before English Gothic, plus a few French and Spanish specimens as a sort of background. These strictures should not prevent any of my readers from buying it, because the book really makes a good contribution to architectural appreciation in a narrow field and whets the appetite for more. Since American Gothic of the nineteenth century in its more sophisticated expressions down to the great R. A. Cram of our own youth, almost exclusively harks back to France and England, with a smattering of German (where the pastor was German), this book can furnish a starting point for architectural

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Next Week

Existentialism – United Europe – Oriental Exclusion – The Bible

THE PROBLEM OF HUMAN EXISTENCE by Kurt F. Reinhardt: "In existentialism the weight or burden of life lies heavily on the individual and on the contingent and finite aspects of his 'being-in-the-world.' But once contingency and finiteness become the exclusive frame of reference . . . man's interest and preoccupation center . . . in his own individual predicaments . . ."

EUROPE UNITES by Lily Dobloff is a dispatch directly from the recent Congress for European Unity in Brussels. "Europe will have to be united by taking into consideration the profound diversity of each member-nation . . ."

THE JUDD BILL by Herb Gordon. This legislation, which completes the repeal of our Oriental Exclusion Act, has passed the House and is now before the Senate. "Its chief effect will be to permit thousands" of parents of Japanese-Americans to become citizens of the land in which they have so long resided.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE BIBLE by G. B. Harrison: "The ideal translation of the Bible calls for *infinite tact in the translator; even to the profane* the Bible is a sacred book, so that the general principles which are suitable for a translation of *The Odyssey* do not wholely apply. . . ."

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education in the United States as well, if you don't want to tackle larger works. With these restrictions, this makes a handsome gift for your priest or seminarian friend, or the good sister who teaches art and history.

As a sort of postscript I would like to add the puzzled question: who has made Anglo-Saxon students of architecture so sure of their classification of Gothic periods that even the initiated have hardly heard of Soest and its "St. Mary of the Meadows," St. Mary's in Luebeck, of Doberan and its gorgeous choir and of those hundreds of amazingly powerful and gracious buildings along the Baltic Sea—Wismar, Rostock, Demmin, Danzig, Marienburg—which show an originality which the imitations of French Gothic on the Rhine and Danube never achieved? What makes Anglo-Saxons allergic to the noble grace of, for example, St. Mary's in Stralsund?

H. A. REINHOLD.

Laurentian Heritage. C. R. Rouleau. Longmans. $1.75.

MADAME Corinne Rocheleau Rouleau is an American who has spent much of her life in Quebec, her ancestors' homeland. In these pleasant sketches of *habitant* life in the latter part of the nineteenth century, she adds some American realism to the romanticized picture traditional in French-Canadian literature, but the general impression given remains that of *Maria Chapdelaine* and countless other books less well known to the English reader. This volume, translated by the author from the original French, is intended to serve as a textbook in English-Canadian high schools, and is equipped with questions for students. Since the book is intended for educational purposes, it is unfortunate that it preserves some of the myths of French-Canadian history.

MASON WADE.

A Catholic Dictionary. Edited by Donald Attwater. Second Edition, Revised. Macmillan. $5.00.

THE NEW edition of this standard reference work runs to 550 pages; its explanations, in clear readable type, are necessarily brief and reflect the editor's well-known interest in the Liturgy and the Eastern Churches. Among others, the sections on the Roman Calendar, the list of Popes, and "Ecclesiastical Titles and Modes of Address" have been brought up to date.

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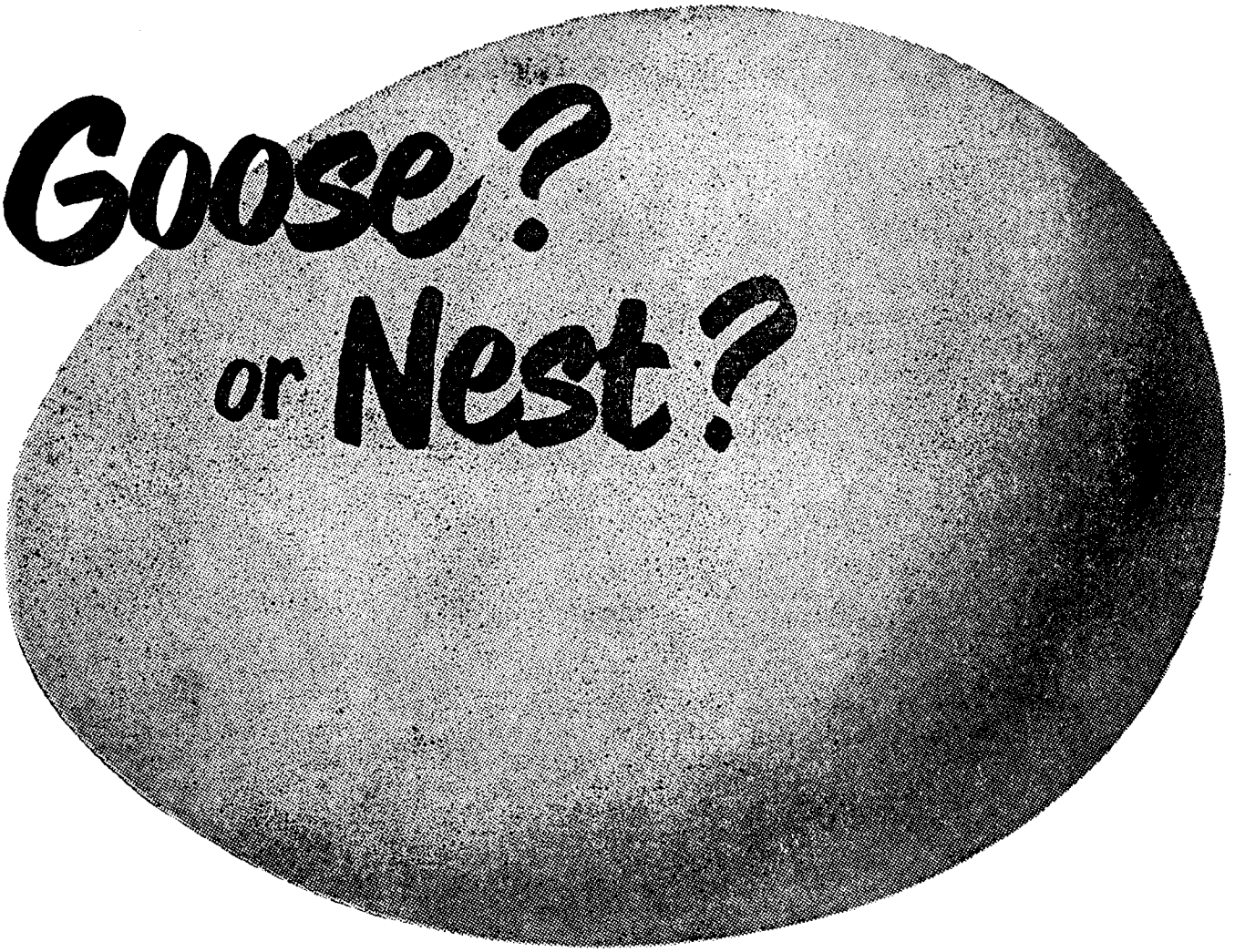

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